

# What We Worked For

## Against Me!

Lost the confidence to write a song  
So I found three simple chords and held them together with my weak voice  
On an out of tune guitar my father gave to me And may Elvis turn in his grave  
And Les Paul kiss my dirty, calloused fingers  
And may the likes of this song never make one fucking dollar  
Leave it for a demo tape to be played until it's broken, then remembered only for what it  
was That we gave them hell  
That we gave them hell  
That we gave them hell  
To my friends and enemies who could have been anything  
Titans and heroes who found survival in cause and effect  
Behind counters, behind windows, striving just to be people  
With bitter ideals of justice Do we only need to keep working because it pays rent?  
Sleeping under plastic stars glued to ceiling  
Muscles burning alcohol and nicotine every morning But we gave them hell  
But we gave them hell  
But we gave them hell There's a height beyond skyscrapers  
There's a distance beyond the freeway  
More than pictures in a magazine  
More than tragedy in a rock and roll song  
It's more than actions you know are safe to make  
It's more than money could ever buy  
Are we living to work and die in American cities?  
And working to live and die in American cities?  
And dying for what we worked

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>